

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1805.

NO. 3.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,
PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

The Wants of him that wants Nothing.

ON the next day his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford.

"Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me? shall I never be suffered to forget those lectures which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but, being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had lately been observed in the prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace, to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others."—"You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all that the emperor of Abissinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply; if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint. If I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I could be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never

had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."

The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state."

"Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

AN EXCURSION TO THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

CONCLUDED.

ON the plain of the mountain, near its eastern brow, is a lake nearly circular, not less than a quarter of a mile in diameter. This communicates with another, which lies westward, of a triangular form, nearly as large again as the first. The depth of water in these lakes is generally from two to three feet. They abound with eel and cat-fish, and in their season are often covered with the wild goose and duck. The western lake empties itself by a narrow rocky channel, making a continued fall of above a mile and a half, when it is thrown over an excavated rock, of a semi-circular form, nearly an hundred feet, in a most delightful bow, and, falling upon a solid rock, is lashed into a foam or spray, beautiful beyond description, and immediately loses itself in a valley, which, from its deep and gloomy aspect, seems to divide the globe in twain. The profound is so immense, that a spectator of this scene dares not to trust himself to take a full and steady view of all its horrors, without being held by his companions, or lashed to some tree upon the promontory's lowering brow, lest the whirl of his head should precipitate him to the bottom. The rock, excavated so as to form a semi-circle, over which the water issuing from the lakes is thrown, is really a grand object. Its spacious magnificence fills the mind with ideas of the grandeur of the Roman circus or theatres. The force of the water thrown from the top of the rock, gives it so great an arch in its fall, that many persons might stand undisturbed between the cascade and the foot of the rock. On each side of the fall below, the soil, which is so formed as to extend the circular appearance of the cave, receives such a gentle and continued dew from the spray, that the verdure is exceeding rich and luxuriant; and contrasted with the excessive whiteness of the foam, is certainly a grand sight.

While we were viewing this variegated spot, our eyes were dazzled with an exhibition of natural scenery which is truly indescribable.

The day had been often cloudy or misty on the mountain. While viewing the fall and the wonders round it, the sun suddenly burst from behind a cloud, and displayed all the colours of the rainbow, in regular and irregular forms, in reflections and refractions innumerable, in all their richest hues, until the amphitheatre exhibited beauties beyond all the powers of imagination to paint, and, without seeing, even to conceive. The awful profound which receives and buries the water from our sight, a few feet from where it falls upon the solid rock, discovers nothing but the tops of huge trees far below the fall; and, after sinking in a western direction for a considerable distance, the mighty gap is closed up by the side of a mountain, which gives additional darkness and horror to this frightful vale. Nature has here collected and thrown into so small a compass so many tremendous objects, which, in spite of the pleasure they at first give, fill the mind with such sensible horror, and inspire with so many terrible ideas, that the surrounding prospect is truly magnificent and sublime.

As these wild and lofty deserts are not much frequented, unless by the foot of the huntsman or the curious traveller, Nature has provided for such a safe retreat near the summit of the mountain, in a cave, or house of rock, whose length is thirty-six feet. The roof, or ceiling, is twelve feet in height, of one solid piece, and projects from the wall, of the same substantial materials, a distance equal to its height. The front and sides of the cave, though open, are, from its situation, effectually secured from the rains; and good fires, for which fuel is near and plenty, have often defended the huntsman, the tory, and the out-lieutenant, from the cold: and, to crown the accommodations afforded by this retreat, beneath the projecting rock, close to the foot of the wall, flows a spring of the purest water.

In our excursions through these deserts, we were doubtless often exposed to the wily snares of the venomous tribe of reptiles which are found in great numbers on the mountain. We escaped the danger, but had our curiosity fully gratified by coming unexpectedly upon a large rattle-snake, who acted the part of a sullen and a silent enemy; and who, from his beautiful coil, gave note of dreadful preparation for instant battle. I wished much to have entered the lists with this threatening antagonist; but, had I been permitted, I might have paid dear for my rash aggression, as I was afterwards well assured he could have darted himself much farther than the length of a stick, the only weapon I had in my hand. While upon us, who were in front, he fixed his angry eye-balls, menacing the lightning's dart, and bite of sure destruction; our guide, accustomed to all his meditated wiles, attacked him in the rear with a mighty rock, and, at one blow, crushed him beyond the power of offering us any injury, and he fell an easy prey to his enemies....We found many things wor-

thy of remark in this crest-fallen foe. Besides the teeth which he uses in taking his food, he has two long crooked fangs, or teeth, which are hollow. These generally lie folded back along his jaws, and are covered to prevent their use or injury while he feeds; but he has the power of erecting these, as if by a spring; and, when raised, the lower end of each is immediately connected with a reservoir of most deadly poison, which he throws through these hollow tubes when enraged, he attacks and bites his enemy. Having thus examined this dreaded reptile, we robbed him of the honours of his tail, and carried off his rattles in triumph, as the sure token of our prowess.

The variety of trees, herbs, and flowers, which every where display themselves upon these mountains is truly astonishing. The Botanist would here have a new and unexplored field: and even Linnæus himself must find new and untried subjects of investigation. The balsamic gum, a species of the pine, is lofty and beautiful, as well as curious. The surface of the bark is almost entirely covered with blisters or protuberances, which emit, freely and in profusion, upon a small incision, a transparent gum of grateful perfume, which is considered by those in the neighbourhood of the mountain, as an unfailing nostrum in many complaints, but especially in rheumatism. A species of herb, with a long stalk, bearing but one large leaf, in the shape of a cornucopia, with the open end up, grows on the mountain in great abundance; which, from the dews, or from rain, is generally filled with water, and contains nearly half a pint.

There is a tradition, handed down by the huntsmen of these mountains, and which our guide related to us as a fact, on the truth of which we might rely. The reader may think it not more worthy of note than the writer of credibility....On the communication of waters between the lakes on the top of the mountain, are to be seen the ruins of a house or habitation of a community of that sagacious animal the beaver; near to which our guide pointed out to us several trees, in an eastern and western direction, each marked about four feet from the ground, which appeared evidently to have been done by the teeth of some wild beast. These he assured us had been the boundary trees between the provinces or states of the different societies of beavers; and, what is very remarkable, one of these boundary lines is common to the beaver and to the state of New-York, being the actual, identical, and numerical boundary between the counties of Ulster and Albany.

MODERATION.

The moderation of those who are happy, is owing to nothing more than to the calm that good fortune bestows upon the temper.

Moderation is a dread of incurring that envy and contempt which attend upon intoxicated prosperity. It is an ostentation of the strength of the mind. Moderation in an exalted station is the desire of appearing superior to fortune.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

ON THE CRUSADES.

THE records of history contain few events so interesting and remarkable as the crusades. A single nation engaged with union and energy in some great enterprize, presents an object worthy of high admiration; but how infinitely grand and sublime is the spectacle of numerous and independent nations of a whole continent, burying their ancient animosities, forgetting the half-healed wounds inflicted by each others hands, and inflamed with the same zeal, urged forward by the same impulse, actuated by the same spirit, and striking, as it were, with a single arm. And, although melancholy reflections may be excited, yet will our astonishment be increased, when we contemplate such immense exertions employed in the attainment of an object of the most consummate folly. Such were the expeditions undertaken by the champions of the cross. From the East to the West, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, every breast was animated by the same fire. Nor did this frenzy exhaust itself in a single effort. It was not the meteor of midnight, which bursts forth, and is in a moment lost in darkness. During two hundred years it raged with incessant fury, until the enthusiasm which had excited it was extinguished in misfortune and defeat; and the crusaders were compelled to relinquish to the rude infidels the quiet possession of the object for which they had lavished so much blood and treasure. But, although the fairy prospect, which their inflamed imaginations had pourtrayed, were thus destroyed, yet great was the change produced in the state of Europe; and consequences resulted though widely different from, yet infinitely more beneficial than, any which had been foreseen or expected by the leaders of these romantic expeditions. A review of their rise and progress may perhaps mingle interest and instruction.

Mankind naturally regard, with delight and veneration, the places which have been the scene of any great transaction, or the residence of any illustrious personage. The scholar treads, with enthusiasm, the classic ground of Athens and of Rome. He devoutly traces the footsteps of heroes and the relics of empire. The ages of antiquity pass before him. He hears, in imagination, the thunders of Demosthenes, and is charmed by the moving eloquence of Cicero. His soul, partaking of the grandeur of the objects it surveys, is filled with the most sublime and interesting ideas. It was amid the ruins of the Roman capital, seated on some broken column, and contemplating the decayed remains of ancient magnificence, that Gibbon conceived the work which confers immortality on his name. The breast of an American is inflamed with patriotic ardour, when he beholds the places where his countrymen triumphed in their glorious struggle for independence.....Witness with what sensations we tread the ground of Eutaw, of Cowpens, of Monmouth, and of Saratoga!

To the influence of this principle may be ascribed the devotion with which Christians, from the earliest ages of the church, were ac-

customed to visit the land which the Almighty had made the residence of his chosen people, and where the Saviour of the World had died for the redemption of mankind. The language of prayer was supposed to be most effectual, when it ascended from the holy sepulchre...the incense of praise to be most grateful, when it arose from the foot of the cross. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem were regarded as acts of the most exalted piety, and as insuring the crown of immortal glory and the fruition of eternal joy. Impressed with these solemn ideas, incredible multitudes undertook the pious journey. Kings descended from their thrones....princes put off their royal robes....the martial chieftains threw aside their arms, wet with blood and fresh from slaughter.....And all, assuming the garb and the humility of the pilgrim, mingled with the lowly crowds, who were impelled by the same superstitious frenzy.

While Syria and Palestine continued in subjection to the Arabian and Saracen caliphs, the Christians were suffered, on payment of a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulchre, to perform their religious duties, and to return in peace. But when the Turks had laid waste those countries with fire and sword, and had seized Jerusalem, the pilgrims were exposed to every species of insult, of robbery, and of extortion. Difference of religion enkindled in these fierce Mahometans an exterminating zeal, and those who had the hardihood to brave their fury, did it at the risque of outrage, of torture, and of death. The pilgrims who escaped, and returned to their native countries, inflamed all Europe with indignation against the brutal infidels. They did not ask the riches and the possession of the East. Gold and silver they did not want....Their most exalted desire was to bow themselves in humble adoration, and to pour out their prayers and their tears, at the tomb of him who had died for their salvation; and even this was denied them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

Mr. EDITOR,

A WRITER in your last Miscellany, under the signature of "Scrutator," undertakes to hint at the dispositions of various classes of our society, in their definitions of happiness. He begins with *old maids*, where I think he is not accurate, for upon looking over all that might come under that denomination in Trenton, I can find but five; all the others are either too old or too young to come under that description; and in a city, where the population is very near three thousand, five old maids is a small number in proportion to the Pennsylvania towns, from whence I begin to suspect Mr. Scrutator came. Indeed, it is a matter of astonishment to me, that we should have any old maids; I have lived in this town very nearly forty years, and during that whole time, I do not recollect to hear of a young woman that had not at least one beau, particularly in the summer season; even now, in these degenerate times, view the streets and porches of a fine evening,

and you will easily perceive that it is not the young men's faults that we should have old maids. In fact, after long observation on an old aunt of mine, who took a particular liking to independence, I have reason to believe that those who come under that denomination, come more out of choice than necessity, or as was the case with aunt, there may have been some constitutional cause.

He next hints at want of modesty in our young ladies, when he mentions their "experimental confidence and maturity" at the age of sixteen. Why where has the man been bred? he must be from Canada or some northern climate. He might, with very little experience know, that our young ladies here are generally in their climax at 16, and not uncommon to see them perfectly mature at 13 or 14, at least in their own opinions. Neighbour Reuben says, that is what makes them look old so soon; but my wife is quite of another opinion, for she was married at 15, and looks fresh and fair still. She says that it is because they go so naked in the winter that makes them look so old. For my own part, winter and summer, I like to see all the arms, and 'the long neck...I mean when half the body is added to the natural neck; and as for your transparent or bombazeen dresses, I admire them, particularly of a windy day.—He next seems to cast some reflections upon those prudent ladies who take care that their daughters marry not for love alone; (I suppose he is some fortune hunter himself,) but the old ladies know the old proverb, that "when poverty comes in at the door, love creeps out at the windows."—As for the young lawyers, they have been long enough going to school to defend themselves; I expect they will give Scrutator a brushing too, for I am told they are grievously offended at being classed with the store-keepers; and, as neighbour Reuben says, I think the store-keepers as good as they are.

It is very true the store-keepers are very fond of money, and have a great profit upon every thing they sell; but we must recollect they lose a great deal by bad debts: however, we find that some of them find happiness otherwise besides selling goods.

As to the batchelor's opinion, that happiness was no place to be found but with the fair sex, I deny it....he never loved...If he loved as I did my Patty he would know otherwise. I courted her for two whole years, and never was two whole weeks of that time happy till I had her: then I got out of love, and am pretty happy since. She sometimes takes airs on herself, to be sure, but I don't mind that....If this old batchelor be so fond cf the ladies, why does he not marry one, and have her to himself? No, the older he gets the nicer is his taste; those who would have him, he will not have....and those whom he would have, expect fresher goods. Now upon the whole, Mr. Editor, I think this Scrutator a meddling fellow, whoever he be; pray, what right has he to talk of what happens at parties, particularly in a ridiculous manner? and his aspersions upon the want of modesty in our young ladies is unpardonable.

VINDICATOR.

June 20, 1805.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

Mr. ORAM,

THOUGH, with "Amicus," we would lament the degeneracy of the age, yet we cannot but think this evil out-weighed by the new discoveries in philosophy, explosion of false theories, and detection of errors in history. We have now to acknowledge our gratitude to a new genius, whose modesty will not allow him to give himself an higher title than that of the "Friend of Genius," for the explosion of an erroneous doctrine in physics, which men, improperly called philosophers, had long established—and which, probably, would have misled future ages, had not this sun of true philosophy arisen to dissipate the mists of supposititious speculation.

In viewing this new system, the benefit which mankind will receive from his new and important discovery, of "cold expanding the intellect," begins already to be seen and felt; already have ice-houses arisen in America, as nurseries of wisdom; and henceforth, on the congealed waters of Stony-Brook, shall the sons of Nassau, digest the pulp of learning. And, oh! how distressing to the Friend of Genius must it be, that this power in nature was not known in former times. Then should we have seen, from the Thames, the Calix, and the Danube, Bacons, Linnæi, Leibnitzs, Wolfei, rising in clouds, like swallows, by the regenerating rays of the spring sun. In history, the most learned must be indebted to him for Charles' legions pouring on the Danube and beligerizing with its inhabitants. These, with many other criterions of transcendent ingenuity, (which our eager desire of evincing our deep obligation for his instruction, prevents us from mentioning,) have been the fruits of his noble and magnanimous exertions. At the very "nomination" of this illustrious phenomenon, our imagination irresistibly impels us to behold him resplendent as the midnight sun, "winging flight" o'er the vast expanse of the limitless Atlantic, and seated majestic on some Lapland eminence, where heat and its contracting influence were never known; thence unparalleled, luciferous, with the flashes of his genius, illuminating the dark abyss of nature, and laying open what human penetration could never have discovered; and which his superior mind alone is adequate to comprehend; the Phoenix of his age, and wonder of the times.

Admirers of the "Friend of Genius."

TRENTON, JUNE 24, 1805.

ACCOUNTS from London, of May 6, state, that an expedition for the West Indies, of 8,000 men, under Sir Eyre Coote, was ready for sea....and that the secret expedition, under Gen. Craig, was destined against Ferrol....or that the troops on board were intended for the support of the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta.

The latest accounts from Jamaica, mention, that Admiral Dacres, with 11 sail of the line and some frigates, were moored across the harbour of Port Royal, in expectation of a visit from the combined fleets.

IMPORTANT.

Captain Brown, of the schooner Roger Williams, arrived here yesterday in 14 days from St. Bartholomew's, gives us the positive assurance that a British fleet of 18 sail of the line had arrived at Barbadoes on the first of June, under the command of Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton, who was to be joined immediately by Admiral Cochrane with six sail of the line. The squadron under Sir Richard is that lately commanded by Admiral Lord Nelson, who is said to have returned to England on account of the ill state of his health.

Captain B. further informs us that another French and Spanish fleet from Ferrol and Carthagena, consisting of 36 sail (14 of which were of the line) having 12000 troops on board, had arrived at Martinique, from whence to proceed against Antigua and Trinidad.

[*Mercantile Advertiser*, June 22.]

By Captain Thompson, in 13 days from St. Croix, we are informed that news was received there the day before he sailed, that a British fleet of 17 sail of the line had arrived off St. Lucie; and that another French fleet, consisting of 14 sail of the line, had arrived at Martinique. Capt. T. says the above news was believed at St. Croix.

[*Ibid.*]

Captain Fowler, of the schooner Mariner, left Martinique on the first of June, at which time no second fleet had arrived there, as reported by Captain Brown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AULUS," No. 1, is received, but unavoidably omitted for want of room....He certainly shall have a place next week, and his succeeding numbers published in regular order.

"PHILOS" is received. We agree perfectly with him as to the merit, but want of the charm of attractive novelty in the subject, to a considerable number of our subscribers; but there are still a large proportion who have never read it, whom our duty impels us to gratify; the more especially as we presume none will be dissatisfied in reading a second time the most classical and finished production in the English language....Dr. Johnson's Prince of Abissinia.

"HUMANITAS," and "Z," have been received, but must lay over for consideration.

Obituary.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!

GRAY.

DIED,

At Allentown, New-Jersey, on Tuesday evening last, Mr. Johnston Imlay, in the 25th year of his age.

At Montgomery, Orange County, State of New-York, Cadwallader Colden, Esq.

At Kingston, (same State) Mr. Peter Elting, late merchant in New-York.

NOTICE,

To the Parents, and Guardians of the Pupils in the Trenton Academy; and to Gentlemen of the Learned Professions in the City and Vicinity,

THAT a quarterly examination will be held in the Mathematical and English School, for young gentlemen, on the morning of Thursday next; in the Young Ladies' Seminary, in the afternoon of same day; and in the Classical Department, on the Friday following.

By order of the Trustees,
DAVID DOYLE, Principal.
June 22d, 1805.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

LUCY.

COLD was the night, and drear the heath,
And high the ocean roll'd,
And shrill upon the frightened gloom,
The tortur'd spirits howl'd.

Around the Abbey's ivy'd wall,
The boding owl flew,
By fits upon the moulder'd bone,
The moon-beam flash'd to view.

When hapless Lucy left her cot,
And wander'd forth unseen,
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast
Her sleeping babe did lean.

"Ah, cruel," cried she, "was the youth,
That could this bosom fly,
Ah, cruel left these faithful arms,
Nor breath'd one parting sigh?"

Then rush'd she madd'ning o'er the heath,
Deep heav'd the swelling storm,
The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,
And shrank her gentle form.

"Where shall I fly?" she oft exclaim'd,
"Where shall I seek for aid?
Ah! would that in the narrow cell
This broken heart were laid.

"Hark! hark! thro' yonder cloister'd isle,
How shrieks the northern blast!
See, see!—oh, saw ye not my babe—
Thy ruthless father past!"

Thus said she, and, with sudden step,
Sprang forward to pursue,
When, dreadful! from her heedless grasp,
Her little infant flew.

Ah me! upon the rocky ground,
See gor'd its tender breast!
It scream'd—it writh'd; then stretch'd its arms,
And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah Lucy, then how swell'd thine heart,
How did thy breast heave high!
Pale grew thy features, pale thy lip,
And pale thy sinking eye.

"Tis past!" she cried, "and I will go
To my eternal home;
To where thy little spirit's fled,
I come, my child, I come!"

Then wildly to the sounding surge,
And shrieking did she fly,
Despair upon her pallid cheek,
Distraction in her eye.

"I come, my child, my lovely child,
I come!" was heard once more,
And loudly roar'd the tumbling tide,
And lash'd the rocky shore.

Then Lucy leapt from off the cliff;
Her eye was bent on heav'n:
And sure as mercy dwelleth there,
Shall Lucy be forgiv'n.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,
And louder groan'd the storm,
And white upon the turbid wave,
White floated Lucy's form.

"Forgive my Love," she faintly cried,
As wild the waters swept,
And deep beneath the billow's rage,
In peace poor Lucy slept.

LETTER FROM A WIDOWER TO HIS INTENDED SPOUSE.

MY DEAR BETT,

SINCE we have agreed to be married, I hope you will not think the worse of me, for telling you before-hand what I shall expect of you. As I have been married before, it must be construed an apology, for what would otherwise be considered as an act of rudeness. Man and woman are formed for each other, and it is their duty to promote their mutual happiness: but the major part of your sex frequently mistake their aim, and, by neglecting to cultivate and improve those means which first inspired their husbands with love and affection for them, lay the foundation of their own misery and uneasiness.

You must be very sensible how much your sex value themselves upon their beauty, and how very inattentive they are to the improvement of their minds. Where we meet with one lady who has studied how to embellish and set off the charms of her person with the graces of the mind, we fall in with fifty who think they were born only to be admired. By Jove, a man may as well have a picture, or a statue, to look at, as a woman of this sort; the former will always be the same; but the latter will become a mere remnant of beauty, unhappy at the recollection of what she was; additionally so, in being disgusting to her husband.

Did fine ladies study their own happiness more than they do, they would not be so very indifferent about the improvement of their understanding. A pretty person is very agreeable but it will not last for ever; and if it would, a lady of any reflection must very soon be convinced that a married station is subject to difficulties and distresses, which call for something more than beauty to alleviate and remove. This is the critical period. The husband either condemns his own folly for having connected himself with a mere doll, or thanks Heaven for the choice he has made, in fixing upon a partner for life who can sympathize with him in all his adversity, or be jointly partaker of his happiness. A lady of this stamp heightens and increases every pleasure of his life; a woman like this is worth living for. But, alas! how wretched must that husband be, who, when he most needs the assistance of his wife, finds her the least capable of affording him any. The disappointment becomes the more intolerable by a man's reflecting,—that his understanding has been imposed on in the choice he has made. This brings on disgust, creates indifference, and there ends all their happiness.

Farewell, dear Bett. If I did not think thee possessed of many great qualities, heightened by a virtuous education, I would never have fixed on thee for a wife.

Thine most sincerely,

M. T.

The following Simile of Voltaire, upon Retirement, is extremely just and beautiful.

"The artificers and merchants, whose humble station had protected them from the ambitious fury of the great, were like ants who dug themselves peaceable and secure habitations, while the eagles and vultures of the world were tearing one another in pieces."

Anecdotes.

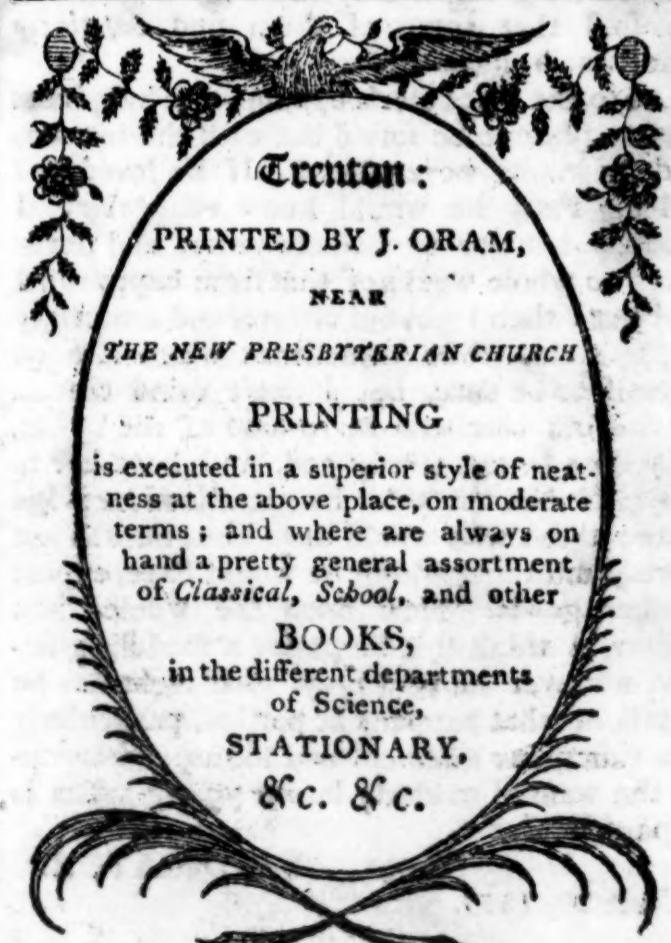
Cardinal Angelotto, notorious for the weakness of his intellect, and the meanness of his disposition, was very fond of detracting from the merit of others. One day, when Pope Eugenio IV. was at Florence, a lad of ten years old was introduced to his holiness, in presence of the Cardinal. The youth addressed the Pope, in a speech, which, for gravity and wisdom much exceeded his years. "It is common, observed Angelotto, (when the rest of the audience praised the oration) for young persons endowed with premature talents, to fall into early decay of parts." "Then, my Lord Cardinal, replied the lad, you must have had very extraordinary talents when you were young."

A gentlemen that was going to fight a duel, asked a friend of his, who had won a considerable sum the night before, to be his second. "My dear sir, replied the gamester, I won fifteen hundred guineas last night, and shall cut but a poor figure at fighting to-day; but if you will apply to the person I got them of, he will fight like a devil, for he has not a farthing left."

A person lately speaking of Bonaparte's vast extent of empire, an Irish sailor exclaimed... By my troth, he hasn't as much ground on the ocean as will make him a potatoe garden.

The Miscellany.

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Voltaire